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TO A BABY.

Well dear little mortal,
Set down on life's portal,
With never a question of choice of will:
Small pilgrima, set out
On a journey of doubt,
With your shrine at the top of a troublesome hill,
Look about with those eyes
Full of sweet, grave surprise,
And say what you think of the world, now you're in it?
Is it best worth your while
To meet life with a smile?
Or a frown, that you ever were forced to begin it?
Ah, "Life" is the name
Of a curious game!
And whether we smile, child, or whether we frown,
We must each play in turn,
Though we scarcely may learn
The rules of the game till the cards are thrown down;
'Tis a queer hurry-skurry,
Full of bother and worry,
For each player comes in with some trick of his own;
But the secret of winning
Lies all in beginning.
So be sure you are right, child, then—"Play it alone!"

A Child Shall Lead Them.

"For what are you watching, Clara?" asked a young man, sitting down on the step at the feet of a young lady, who had been standing there in silence.

"Only to see my ship come in," she said, "laden with treasure from my castles in Spain. It is overdue, you see, having been expected for some years, and I am naturally anxious."

He bent forward and took her pretty hands. "Dear Clara," he said, "believe that it has come, with me for pilot and master, and my heart's great love for cargo. It shall make you richer than your dreams. Say that you will have it."

The girl sat quite still for some minutes, still looking out over the wide bay. Then she laid her hand on the young man's head in a maternally caressing sort of way. "Dear Dick," she said, "you are twenty-two, and I am nineteen. You have two thousand dollars a year as clerk, and I have a very few clothes and some dozens of books that have been given to me. Besides that dowry, I should bring you three persons incapable yet of helping themselves, whom I am pledged to help from this night on. Do you believe there ever was a love which could stand the fret and jar and worry of such a future as you ask at my hands? It would mean drudgery, mean slaving for bread and clothes, premature age and listlessness, and the wearing out of affection. And if you fancy that you care so much for me as to be unterrified by such a prospect, do you suppose that I am selfish enough to let you incur the burden? You have a good mind, dear Dick, and this magnificent world begs you to know something of it. If you remain a counting-house clerk all your days, at least it shall not be my fault. I am going away the moment a situation opens. And until the other girls have finished school, I shall have no future apart from them and mother."

"But, Clara, I shall be advanced soon; and I should despise myself if I could take their strong support from your mother and sisters, and not offer them one in return. Of course I desired to have them with us. Five persons can be very comfortable in a small house on two thousand dollars."

"Oh, Dick, don't you know that I hate small ways, and that I have never been 'comfortable,' as you call it, since papa died? To-night I wanted you to see me in my graduation dress, and I had to change it because I could not afford to expose a trumpery shilling muslin to the damp. It must remain my best gown for half a dozen summers, perhaps. Oh, how I detest these stiff prints, and shapeless shoes, and flimsy ribbons, and all other subterfuges of genteel poverty! If you marry a family, Dick, your wife will wear black alpaca o' Sundays to the end of the chapter, and I'm so tired of black alpaca. I'll go forth into the world and conquer a black silk instead."

"But will you wait for me, Clara? You ought to have diamonds and velvets and all possible splendors, my queen. And you shall. Only say that you will take them at my hands, and I shall not count it hard to wait and work. Promise, dear."

"No, Dick dear. I am awfully worldy-wise for a girl of nineteen. There is a Becky Sharp in me, I do believe, to be developed under fostering circumstance. I want the diamonds and the velvets, but I don't want you to shut your young life in to their attainment. You can do better. No, I will not even promise not to marry some rich man. I can bring him what is an even exchange—gentle breeding and culture and good looks. I don't like hard work, I don't like pinching even as a filial duty, and I can't tell how long I shall hold out."

"Oh, Clara, if you loved me you could not talk so! You would wait, as Rachel waited for Jacob."

"Yes, to have you take some tender-eyed Leah meantime I suppose. And there is no hint that Rachel could have done better. Jacob was thrifty, and the other young men, if there were any, didn't have larger flocks and herds. Besides, what were fourteen years in that uneventful, vegetating age? Fourteen days are longer now, with their opportunities of growth and action. I want to see the world's fine society. I want to look on every sod, or pavement, or building of this globe, which genius or heroism has made memorable. I want to study art. I want to be felt as a power in the world—I, an ignorant provincial without a sixpence. If it will be any comfort to you, I am willing to tell you, Richard, that I fancy myself in love with you to-day, and here. But what do we, boy and girl who have grown up together, know about that matter even? In one little year of absence you may have far outgrown me, with my worldliness and pettiness, and found the sweet madonna whom Heaven meant for you. In one little year I may have proved that all the tendencies of my undisciplined nature lead away from you, and toward some middle-aged sage. My father's and mother's was a school-boy romance of first love, and they were wretched even before poverty came. Perhaps I never shall marry. Certainly I will not until I have lived a little of my individual life."

"And where and how is this individual life to be lived, Clara?"

"I wish I knew. Mr. Stone, dear good master that he is, has been trying to find work for me. Ah, here he comes, with news, I hope. Good-evening, sir. You have letters. You need not mind speaking before Richard. I have been telling him my plans, or want of them."

The benignant master smiled kindly on the young couple, whose story he fancied that he read. "Very well, then," he said. "But you must both be prepared for a present total absence of 'Richard' from all schemes of a career, Clara, I have two situations to offer you: the first is that of teacher at the old Maple Ridge boarding-school, at a salary of six hundred dollars the first year."

"And the other?"

"The other is a sort of superintendency in the house of Furlong & Foot, in New Babylon. Furlong was a chum of mine, a good fellow, in college, and I wrote him about you. If you go there, you begin with a thousand dollars and fixed hours of work—from eight to six. Your evenings, therefore, will be your own, with a midsummer vacation of a fortnight."

"And you think I could give satisfaction?"

"I have no doubt of it. You understand book-keeping pretty thoroughly. You write French and German readily enough for business necessities. You will soon rise. But, Clara, you must remember that a female clerk in New Babylon is indistinguishable from a saleswoman to the eye of fashion, which tabooes both. That fine society for which you long will have none of you; whereas, as a teacher, you may be allowed to pitch your tent upon its outskirts, and sometimes cross its shining fields."

"But I will make it desire me," said the girl, with her eyes shining. "I will begin as clerk, and I will end with a *salon*. I know I should hate the petty life of a boarding-school, and I have not patience for stupidity and emptiness, as you have, dear old master. Thank you. I will go to-morrow, and in a year you shall see that I lead."

At the end of her first year Clara Wells was cashier and confidential clerk of the great retail house of Furlong & Foot. She had studied its affairs with constant diligence. The artistic eye which she inherited from her father was offended by the incongruous arrangement of the crowded shop. She suggested changes here and there, massing of colors, managing of background, altering of lights. People began to come to see this extraordinary bazaar. The partners, much interested, consulted her judgment. She advised the introduction of certain new departments, at that time unheard of in their line of trade. They hesitated, but consented. Fashionable ladies were delighted, and profits proved large. The house saw that this ingenious brain should be used in the direction of affairs, and promoted her again and again. She had conquered her black silk long ago; she had put more money in the family purse than she had dared to hope; she had discovered, with satisfaction, that she had a first-rate business head; and still all that she longed for seemed afar off. Furlong & Foot's confidential clerk had no part in the social circle whose representatives daily brushed idly by her solitary desk than the porter who carried their parcels. Yet these were women no better bred than she, much less well taught, seldom so handsome, and not half so useful. She was not in the least morbid about a lack of recognition. Hitherto, she said to herself, there had been nothing in her to recognize. At five minutes to eight every morning she had opened the little gate of her high pen and become a calculating machine, an animated manual of profit and loss, a tradesman's guide. At five minutes past six she had closed the little gate, and reappeared as a very tired and dull young woman who most give some time and thought and handiwork to her clothes, write letters home, study at least the markets and the general news of the journals in her determination to comprehend her business in its fullest scope, who must practice enough to make her music a serviceable tool in society, and read a good book now and then for her hungry mind's sake. What was there left of her, body or brain, which any sane mortal would desire?

But now she could afford to hire her sewing, to delegate certain routine work, to occupy a new territory on her map of life. She had met by accident a well-known journalist—a lady of literary reputation and established social rank. By her she had been kindly invited to her weekly receptions. "It is the first step," she thought, with beating heart. "I will go."

Plainly this was a door not barred with gold nor opened but to golden keys. The spacious rooms were filled with men and women whose names were honored—authors, artists, actors, journalists, men of science, famous travelers. She had never heard such talking. The atmosphere became electric. She felt that she, too, could talk. Her eyes shone; her color rose. The most apropos little speeches seemed to make themselves with her voice. She was not only beautiful, but brilliant. Her *debut* was certainly a success.

When her second year was half done, Mr. Furlong offered her a Christmas gift of his hand, heart and fortune. This grave, handsome, elderly bachelor had treated her from the first with a fine courtesy and respect. She liked him thoroughly. "Poor Dick," she sighed, softly, to herself. "It is far better so for him also." So she wrote him a sisterly letter of farewell; and in three weeks Mr. and Mrs. Furlong sailed for Europe.

Four enchanted years had Clara Furlong in the Old World, ripening under prosperous sunshine into a sumptuous womanhood, and returning to make her drawing-room in New Babylon a genuine *salon*. She sometimes smiled to herself at thinking how vast her old ambitions had seemed to her, how easily she had compassed them, and how smaller than pin-points they had become. And sometimes she vaguely wondered whether life with Dick would have involved deeper experiences and larger vision. But one day she ceased to smile and wonder, for, with one swift turn of Fortune's whirling wheel, her husband was a bankrupt and a paralytic.

* * * * * * * *

The crowded cars seemed to seethe and blister in the scorching summer sun. Dust filtered through the closed blinds, and the cinder-laden air burned instead of cooling. Two little curly-headed babies of two years old and four, fidgeted and murmured on their flaming plush-covered sofa. The lady with them, talked to them, diverted them, with an unwearied ingenuity and patience. But when the train ran into the great junction station of Deerfield, she rose with a deep sigh of relief. "Now, little ones," she said, "mamma can get you some nice cool milk. Robby, sit very still, and take care of Dicky, and watch to see mamma come through that door with both hands full of things for her brave little men."

Robby sat bolt-upright, a large sense of responsibility looking out of his steadfast eyes. Dicky cuddled up to his protector, serenely confident of future bliss. Trains ran in and out, screeching like demons. Men on the platforms rushed and shouted as if the world's work were to be finished in the five minutes' pause of the Limited Express. The warning bell rang. The wheels began slowly turning. Four blue eyes were still fixed upon the door, through which no mamma came. As the train glided out into the daylight a new passenger caught sight of the waiting children.

"Whose boys are you?" he asked, eagerly, slipping into the empty seat.

"Mamma's," said Robby.

"And who is mamma, dear?"

"Mamma is— Mamma says we is not to talk to peoples. She said she'd come fro0 that door with bofe hands full, and we is so 'tarved!" added poor Robby, obedient but wretched.

"Good heavens! she must have been left at Deerfield!" exclaimed their new friend. "Conductor, where can I telegraph back to Deerfield that these children are in safe hands?"

"Not till you reach West Chatham—6.30. Probably the lady will take the 5.20. Better dispatch to Jones, conductor, also."

"Now, Robby, see here. It's going to take mamma a long time to find what she wanted, and she would like to have you stay with me till she comes back. And in my bag I think there are some great big sweet oranges. Your papa's name was Mr. Furlong, was it not?"

"Yes; he died ten, seven, two months ago. Mamma was sorry. Is dose velly big olanges? 'Cause Dicky's hungry; he's so little, and it's so hot."

"We'll see. Here's one. And did you ever hear about the crocodile that lived in an orange grove, and couldn't pick one because he was so short, and didn't have any stilts? Well, I'll tell you."

That morning Mr. Richard Ware had felt sure that business required him in Lowell before dark. But now he found ample time to take his captives to the best hotel of Chatham, put them tenderly to bed, and return to the station on the chance of finding their distracted mother. When she stepped on the platform he thought how superbly handsome she had grown, but he only said, "They are sound asleep, Mrs. Furlong, and they've been as jolly as wood-sawyers, I assure you. But as you won't believe me till you've seen them, a carriage is waiting for you."

"Oh, Richard," she said, "I think I died a thousand deaths before I got your dispatch. How good, how good, you were! How few men would have noticed two little unknown waifs!"

"Probably I shouldn't, if I hadn't known your little urchins at a glance. They are startlingly like you, Clara; and though the children of Alice call Bertram father, they are like no other children in the world to me, notwithstanding."

"You are very good, Richard."

"On the contrary, I am very depraved. I have been pumping those innocent babies with the most ingenious persistency, abusing their new-born confidence in me in an absolutely shameless way; and translating their dialect into English as well as I can, and filling up certain gaps in their narrative with my own preternatural acuteness of inference, I discover that you have been working yourself half to death to take care of them, that you are about to consign them to your mother, and break your heart about them, in order that you may be freer to complete your own suicide under the name of earning your bread, and that you told me the blackest sort of fib when you answered my offer of help, after Mr. Furlong's death, with the declaration that you didn't need any thing."

"Richard, could I take your money when—"

"When you didn't take me? Certainly, and of course. You didn't need me, and you did need that. As I told you then, I have more than I shall ever use, and, as I tell you now, no other woman will ever have any claim upon it. Your small men are in this room, and I'll wait outside for you. Oh, don't apologize. That is what I have been doing for the last ten or fifteen years, you know."

Presently Clara opened the door. "Robby is awake, and calling for Uncle Dick," she said.

"What is it, Robby?"

"Couldn't you live with me and Dicky and mamma, and tell me about crockendyles evely day?"

"I should like it of all things, Robby, if mamma will let me. I've asked her several times already."

"Oh, please, mamma, let Uncle Dicky come! He knows such nice crockendyles and fings. Please let him, mamma!"

"'A little child shall lead them,'" said Uncle Dicky, under his breath.

"Richard," said Clara, "eight years ago I was a selfish, ambitious schemer, utterly unfit for you. Now, at least, I can appreciate your worth, but—"

"Robby," said Uncle Dick, "when an alliance is desirable between two great powers, and conditions are difficult to settle, an envoy extraordinary is commissioned to facilitate an agreement. And I think, on the whole, you are the most successful ambassador I ever heard of."

Yellow Fever Statistics.

From the settlement of New Orleans in 1722 to 1794 there was no instance of yellow fever—a fact, the more wonderful when it is remembered that New Orleans was in easy communication with Havana, where it had been prevalent 300 years before. From 1794 to 1797 the disease continued, the average mortality being one in fifteen.

For a number of years the proportion of deaths from yellow fever was over five per cent. The year 1817 was considered a bad one; the percentage of deaths to the total number of cases was 36.86. The years 1822 and 1841 were very fatal; in the latter 1,325 cases out of 15,000 subject to the disease were reported. Previous to 1820 the average mortality of yellow fever over other diseases was 1 in 29.03; from 1820 to 1830, 1 in 31.74; from 1830 to 1840, 1 in 32.28. In 1822 the deaths out of the whole population were 1 in 53.38; in 1841, 1 in 77.12 of the entire population. In 1822, '33 and '41 the largest number of deaths in one day were respectively 80, 53 and 60; in 1847, 95. During the epidemic of that season the interments were 4,167, of which 2,272 were from yellow fever.

But all these figures appear insignificant compared with those of 1853. During that epidemic the total deaths were 12,151, of which 9,046 were of yellow fever. The greatest number of deaths in any day was the 254 for August 22, from yellow fever, with a total of deaths of 283. The population of the city at the time of that epidemic was estimated at 80,000, and of those who were unacclimated at 30,000, thus giving a mortality of one out of less than three, a rate much greater than that of the great plague in London, where the deaths of a year were 60,000 out of a population of 500,000.

Thus far there have been about twenty epidemics of the yellow fever in New Orleans during the past seventy years.

Bismarck's Shirt of Mail.

Herr Maurus Tokai, the celebrated Hungarian writer, gives an Austrian journal the following disclosures concernin Bismarck's shirt of mail. In the beginning of 1866, when the feeling between Austria and Prussia had become a very bitter one, a young Hungarian magnate desired an audience of Bismarck. The same young man, a Baron——, was known in his native country as a very eccentric personage. He had not paid a single farthing of taxes during the long reign of absolutism; his lands had been left uncultivated to save his being obliged to pay any. On being admitted to Bismarck's presence he stepped up to the latter, and informed him he had invented a shirt of mail not only bullet-proof but also not unpleasant to wear. The Chancellor smiled, upon which the magnate observed that he wore such a shirt, and requested Bismarck to test its powers of resistance. The Chancellor is not a man to be trifled with; and, seeing he had not a fool before him, seized his revolver and fired five shots successively at his visitor. The latter remained unharmed and immovable, while the bullets struck him and fell to the ground. Hereupon he showed the Chancellor his invention. It was a shirt of many folds, sewn together. The elasticity and denseness of the stuff gave it such a power of resistance. The Hungarian nobleman now advised the Chancellor to accept his invention, and, when the latter inquired what was to be the price of it, he said, "Beat the Austrians." "We shall do that in any case," replied Bismarck. Some days after this Brind made an attempt on Bismarck's life, firing five shots at the latter at a distance of two or three paces only. The newspapers stated that the Chancellor appeared quiet, cool, and even smiled while being shot at. Not one of the bullets had hurt him. A month later Bismarck had kept his promise—the Austrians were beaten.

SCENE, A CHICAGO COURT:—District-Attorney—You have testified, Mr. Lawrence, that you consider the defendant a law-abiding citizen? Mr. Lawrence—I have; and I do so consider him. District-Attorney—You know that he has been a gambler? Mr. Lawrence—I know he has. District-Attorney—Do you consider it exactly proper to call a professional gambler a law-abiding citizen? Mr. Lawrence—So long as the District-Attorney allows gambling to be carried on in the city without restraint of or punishment by law, I consider it perfectly proper to describe a professional gambler as a law-abiding citizen.

AFFAIRS IN EUROPE.

THE WAR IN BOSNIA—AUSTRIA'S DIFFICULTIES IN HER CONQUEST OF TERRITORY.

In the capital of Austria, an Empire of thirty-five millions of people, they indulged recently in great rejoicings over a victory gained against the insurgent Bosnians at Serajevo; and the Bosnians are a group of people of so little account in the eyes of Europe that when they were handed over to Austria at Berlin by a mere stroke of the pen it was not deemed worth while to tell the Turkish representatives that the Congress intended to give them away absolutely to His Majesty at Vienna. But in the same breath in which they rejoiced over this victory the Austrian government prepared the mobilization of five army corps and named the commanders. If a decisive victory has been gained it might scarcely be thought necessary to take steps for putting in the field so large a force. Indeed, this force could scarcely be called for if Bosnia was in such a condition that the government expected to be compelled to hold it like a conquered country for a year to come. But some days since it was hinted that at the first evidence that the Servian government was implicated in the present resistance to Austria an Austrian force would move into that country, and now it is reported that Austrian officials have come upon proofs at Serajevo that both Montenegro and Servia have given such aid to their neighbors as amounts to a violation of their obligations toward a nation with which they are at peace. Can it be, then, that a portion of the force that is apparently to be mobilized is to be sent to take care of the Servians? An Austrian invasion of Servia would be a new complication in the course of events in Europe, and would scarcely be regarded with indifference by Russia. But it does not yet appear that Austria is absolutely done with the first resistance. Bosnia was always a troublesome possession to the Sultan, and it is not likely to be less troublesome to its new owners. In the first place the people are a hardy, warlike race. They constituted the best soldiers of the Sultan in the days when his soldiers were invincible, and the feudal system exists in all its vigor there yet, and thus gives the local lords an organized control of all means of resistance. In part of Bosnia an insurrection defied the Ottoman Power for two years when that Power had the sympathy and assistance of all the Moslem elements in the population; but Austria has no such sympathy and of course no assistance. She is hated and resisted by the Moslems because she is Christian and hated by the Christians because she is Austria; and all are agreed to resist her. But if she finds herself so far in control of the Bosnian trouble that she ventures to invade Servia there may be some intimations from Russia that such a course was not contemplated at Berlin and is not to be indulged on suspicion. Any communication of that nature would furnish a point of new interest for European diplomacy generally.

While several Powers are prepared to come in to limit the operations of Austria no Power that is able is disposed to help her out of her trouble, either diplomatically or militarily, and in some countries there is open rejoicing over her difficulties. She has become the cat's-paw of the settlement made against Russia as much as against England, and if Austria is hurt, or a new war is made against Turkey, Russia will shed no tears. But Austria's greatest trouble in the case will come when she has to settle with the wrath of Hungary for her attempted accession of territory against the will of that people. Germany has within a few days threatened the Sultan, Austria is at loggerheads with him, and he is even threatened with such a fearful visitation as an ultimatum from Athens. None of these Powers will make war, for Germany is under heavy bonds to keep the peace and dare not stir; Greece only means to bully and fume, and Austria has her hands full. In view of all these facts the Padishah may smoke his pipe and laugh at the efforts of Austria in the mountains, sure that if Austria keeps its threat to strike at Servia the Russian bear will object, and that those who have torn his dominions asunder will yet fight one another in the long delayed quarrel over the spoils.—*Herald.*

European Agricultural Prospects.

Mr. James Caird writes to the London *Times* as follows: "The agricultural returns of Great Britain show a small increase in wheat and barley and a decrease in oats. The acreage of wheat has increased 50,000. Estimating Ireland at a slight increase, the total acreage of wheat in the United Kingdom is 3,400,000. The new crop is fully up to the average and better than for some years. It will yield 11,500,000 quarters, leaving 13,000,000 quarters to be drawn from abroad. The French wheat crop is believed to be below the average, and the French will be buyers instead of sellers. The present prices will probably be maintained, or perhaps be slightly increased, but there will be no scarcity. The potato crop will be about the same in extent as last year's. There is less disease than for several years past at the same period. Young cattle have increased 40,500 and lambs 263,000.

AN ADMINISTRATOR'S CRIME.—It is alleged that Troy Dye, the Public Administrator of Sacramento County, California, who planned the murder of A. M. Tullis, had spotted two other rich old bachelors upon whose estates he was anxious to administer. The San Francisco *Chronicle* says: "Given three or four years' time, with skillful journeymen thugs to execute his infernal orders, he might have destroyed the tax-paying population of his county, and realized a handsome fortune from his hideous trade."

Explosions in Flour Mills.

A flour mill owner relates the following experience: I have a condenser in the mill that separates the fine flour. The spout leading from the condenser in the elevator, through which the fine flour passes, clogged up. The spout is on the grinding floor, just in front of eight run of stone. One of the millers was with me. He put his lantern on the floor, I standing about four feet from him, and the same distance from the lantern. The man put one hand into the hand-hole, and with the other he grasped the spout, when all at once the flour started down, forcing itself through the joints, about one quart in quantity, and fell about ten feet in a spray. It immediately ignited and made a report like a pistol, with much force and intense heat. There was a blue blaze reaching from the floor to the ceiling, fourteen feet high and ten in diameter, and lasted several seconds, burning the man's eyelids and winkers, and one of his wrists. At the same time I was thrown back against one of the curbs of the stone, my head, whiskers and eye-winkers being considerably scorched. Fortunately there was no opening to conduct the blaze to the upper stories or dust-room, or we certainly should have had a more serious explosion. It ignited more like gas than powder. I feel that much caution should be used in moving with a lantern where there is much fine dust; nor would I enter a dust-room with a light since my experience.

The First Rappings.

The rise of spirit-rapping was, according to the believers in it, as follows: In 1847 Michael Weekman, of the village of Hydesville, Wayne county, N. Y., was surprised by knockings upon the door of his house, which he could not possibly explain. They so troubled him that he moved out, and John D. Fox and his family, entirely honest and respectable folks, moved in. The knockings continued—they were louder and more frequent than before. The Foxes tried every way to unravel the mystery, but all to no purpose. Finally, Kate Fox, then only nine years old, observed that such sounds as she made were exactly imitated, and this led to communications from the invisible source that were quite astounding to the family. Kate and her sister Margaret, especially the former, seemed to act very sympathetically on the "spirits," who or which grew to be so annoying that Kate went to Rochester to get rid of them. The rappings followed her, and so much curiosity was felt in the matter that a lecture was given (Nov. 14, 1848) in Corinthian hall, stating the alleged facts. This was the first introduction of Spiritualism to the public.

Making Gold.

Charles Mantelman, a Suabian by birth, simply bored holes in lumps of gold, closed them up with black wax, and threw these lumps into the crucible when the masses were in full fusion. He was detected, however, and cruelly beheaded and quartered at Regensburg, about 1670. Another worthy, one George Honauer, met with a similar sad fate a few years after at Stuttgart, where he was hanged. This ingenious gentleman always traveled with a large chest, with a double bottom to it, concealing his own son, a sharp lad of about ten, who used to come out from his hiding-place at night and put the gold into the crucible, in which the mass was in fusion over the laboratory fire. Honauer pretended that it was indispensable to leave the mass a few hours to itself, and the laboratory was, therefore, always carefully locked up for the night. The poor boy on one occasion caught a cold in the head, and his irrepressible sneezes led to the detection of the trick. Another, a Swiss adept, used to stir the fused mass with sticks of wood deftly bored at one end and filled with gold, which readily dropped into the mass. A servant of his always managed to put a few of these so prepared sticks upon the bundle of wood which his master used to stir the mixture with. This trick was also detected in the end, and visited with condign punishment.

The Boys Who Carried the Guns.

An exchange says:—Some of the multitudinous "Generals," Colonels," and "Majors" object to the abolition of their titles, on the ground that they rightly belong to them for participation in the war, and are their only certificates of honorable service. This would do very well if the war had been fought by commissioned officers, but as we understand it, the boys—whether in blue or in gray—who carried guns had something to do with the battles of the war, and there is no way by which they can hold their services in the memory except by calling themselves "Private," "Corporal," or "Sergeant," as the case may be. If we are to continue to say "Colonel Smith" because Mr. Smith happened to get a commission, it is time to begin to say "Private Jones," "Corporal Brown," and "Sergeant Thompson." There is no reason why all the honors of the war should be worn by commissioned officers, while there are hundreds of thousands of brave men whose valor and heroism cannot be celebrated in titles, because they held no commissions.

A Useful Paste.

I dissolve a piece of alum the size of a walnut in a pint of boiling water; to this add a couple of teaspoonfuls of flour, made smooth in a little cold water, and a few drops of oil of cloves, letting the whole come to a boil. This paste will keep months. I put it in glass jars used for canning, or well-cleaned blacking bottles. I use a half-inch bristle brush, which costs but a few pennies. This paste is handy for domestic purposes as well as for scrap-books.

FASHION NOTES.

—Lace will be all the rage this fall.

—Plush fabrics will be much worn.

—Caravan cloth will be much worn.

—Blue is the favorite color for coatings.

—Bonnets will be worn of a larger size.

—Velvet will be used for trimming dresses.

—Lustreless silks are the most fashionable.

—Tinsel threads crop out in many new fabrics.

—Felt bonnets are to be embroidered with gold.

—Every lady arranges her hair to suit her face.

—Composite costumes are as fashionable as ever.

—Thiers red is the new shade of garnet or maroon.

—Felt hats will be more popular than ever, this fall.

—Flowers of fur will be among the winter novelties.

—Shooda cloth is the new name for Indian cashmere.

—Gold braids and gold embroideries are to be revived.

—Lace mitts are worn at the moment on all occasions.

—Feathers in Cashmere colors are among the novelties.

—Plaids will be much worn in the first weeks of the fall.

—Suits of English coatings are made all of one kind of goods.

—*Egyptien* and *Pompeien* are two fashionable dull shades of red.

—Silver-gray satin will be trimmed with gray pigeon feathers.

—Black velvet dresses are to be trimmed with peacock feathers.

—White satin will be trimmed with peacock and pheasant feathers.

—The fur flowers of the present season are light, airy, and charming.

—Short and demi-trained dresses are equally fashionable for street wear.

—Trianon hats and panier costumes are worn by a few *elegantes* in Paris.

Wanted a Patent.

A Washington correspondent writes: Several days ago an application reached the patent office from J. J. Strong and Kate M. Strong, of Talladego, Ala., for a patent for an ant guard. The petition, which was a very funny one, set forth that the Strongs, who are man and wife, had jointly put their minds together and had invented the most wonderful thing ever heard of, to wit, an "ant guard," which they went on to describe at great length. They claimed that it was patentable, as it was new and useful, two things that are necessary to secure a patent. The guard consisted of drawing a chalk-mark around a table or other place, by which it was claimed the approach of ants was stopped. Mr. Strong says, and Mrs. Strong swears it is true, that an ant cannot walk over a chalk-line, and that all that is necessary to keep ants away from anything is to draw a chalk-line around it. It appears that chalk makes an ant's legs slip up, as soaping a track prevents a railroad engine from starting. The petition was novel, and caused considerable fun. At last the commissioner of patents looked over the precedents, and directed his law clerk to write a decision refusing the application on the ground that there was nothing new in the invention claimed, that chalk had been used for such purposes heretofore, and winding up with the general statement that such ideas are not patentable. This decision was sent to the Strong family, but it failed to satisfy them. They had made up their minds that there were millions in the invention, and they did not intend to be cheated out of it by any such decision. As they have money they can pay lawyers. To-day there was filed an appeal from the decision of the commissioner of patents. This appeal will be tried this month in the circuit court.

American Luxuries in England.

A foreign letter says: Six years ago ice was such a rarity in London that extra charges were made at the hotels if a glass of ice-water was called for, and in most cases the guest had to wait until some could be sent for. An Englishman at that time considered ice-water unhealthy, and looked with amazement at Americans who persisted in calling for it. It was then not kept at the taverns, and it was seldom required. Now the waiters go around at the hotels with bowls of cracked ice and supply all the guests, without extra charge. That it is a recent innovation is evident from the fact that all the drinking-houses in the city of any character have cards extending across their windows with the word "Ice" emblazoned in large black letters about fifteen inches long. It is evidently paraded as an attraction to customers. American whisky is also a new card in their windows. While dining in a restaurant the other day a young Englishman came in and called for "a go" of American whisky. They brought him about a half-tumblerful, which he swallowed down raw. His red nose and watery eyes gave evidence that he was not a stranger to this kind of drink. Turning to the bill of fare, we found the following rates: "A go" of brandy, one shilling; "a half-go" of brandy, sixpence; "a go" of whisky, sixpence; "a half-go" of whisky, three pence; "a go" of gin, four pence, and "a half-go," two pence. Gin is the favorite drink of the topers, but whisky is commencing to rival it. Ice wagons are also to be seen in the streets, labelled Newfoundland ice. It is of immense thickness, ranging from fifteen to twenty inches, and as clear as crystal.

TWO ROBBERS.

When Death from some fair face
Is stealing life away,
All weep, save she, the grace
That earth shall lose to-day.

When Time from some fair face
Steals beauty, year by year,
For her slow fading grace
Who sheds, save she, a tear?

And Death not often dares
To wake the world's distress;
While Time, the cunning, mars
Surely all loveliness.

Yet though by breath and breath
Makes all our fairest prime,
Men shrink from cruel Death,
But honor crafty Time.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—How to get ahead—Steal into a cabbage-patch.

—The man who loved the watch dog's honest bark was not a tramp.

—Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

—One bell serves a parish, and one helpful hand serves many a cause.

—Knowledge and timber should not be much used until they are seasoned.

—Motives are like harlequins; there is always a second dress beneath the first.

—To be in a passion is to punish one's self for the faults and impertinences of another.

—Kind words are better than gold, and the voice of a friend has saved many a man from ruin.

—How immensely would our conversation be abridged if all mankind would speak only the truth.

—Trust him little who praises all; him less who censures all; and him least who is indifferent to all.

—The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.

—False friendship is like the parasitic moss which feeds on the life of the tree which it pretends to adorn.

—Abuse is the penalty levied on the bond of praise, and can be rendered effective only when noticed.

—The label upon a bottle of ague remedy, requesting the patient to shake well before using, is superfluous.

—A man in Detroit has recently invented an apparatus for arresting and extinguishing sparks. Are the girls going to stand that?

—The fat girl of Iowa, who weighed six hundred pounds, is dead. It used to be her regretful boast that she never sat on a man's knee in all her born days.

—Sharks are numerous along the Atlantic coast just now, says the Detroit *Free Press*, and it is really appalling to see the wild struggles of an old maid as a lobster reaches out for her heel.

—When placed under a microscope the sting of a bee presents a polish of dazzling beauty, but when placed in the end of a man's nose it takes on the semblance of a rat-tail file dipped in vitrol.

—A writer has aptly remarked: "Take a company of boys chasing butterflies, put long-tailed coats on the boys, and turn the butterflies into dollars, and you have a fine panorama of the world."

—"I sigh for one glance of your rye," warbled an impecunious fellow as he wandered into a leading saloon a few days ago. He got but a "glance," his range of vision being suddenly transferred to the outer air.

—The *Breakfast Table* publishes the startling information that there are no reserved seats in heaven. Most people would banish all uneasiness on that account if they could only make sure of obtaining standing room.

—A Milwaukee girl's pet dog was sunstruck. She had a tent built over the sufferer and ice-bags placed about his poor head, but her stern father came home and ordered hydropathic treatment in a bag from the bridge.

—"What is the national air of this country?" asked a foreigner in Washington. "That is the national lair," replied a native, pointing to the Capitol, "but the animals are all out in the jungle just now, chasing voters."

—A love-smitten youth closed his letter with, "I send you ten thousand kisses, darling." If "darling" has had any experience in such matters, she knows that one kiss on the lips is sweeter than ten thousand on paper.

—Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul
And change to purpose strong;
But he who lets his feelings run
In soft, luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done
And faints at every woe.

—One of the end men of a newly organized minstrel troupe applied at one of our book stores yesterday for a comic almanac fifty years old. He explained that the troupe wanted to study up a stock of jokes a little fresher than those used by the minstrels now on the road. That troop should be encouraged.

—How doth the busy fly
Improve each day that passes;
Without, however, buttering
The butter and molasses.
How clinging are his feet
At morn when we're reposing,
How well his mission he fulfils
By keeping us from dozing!

—A Baltimore lady, who had been exceedingly annoyed by boys who rang her doorbell and then ran away, set a trap for them by which a pail of water was to be spilled upon the next person who rang the bell. In a few minutes her pastor called and was deluged, but retired without making a visit.

—An M. D. who lately opened an office was favored by a visit from his young wife. Wishing to start an interesting subject for conversation, he said: "My dear, how many people do you suppose pass by my office in the course of an hour?" "I should judge they all passed by," nonchalantly exclaimed the wife.